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Category: Flash Fiction

This is Not a Fairy Tale

For all the times you have called me monster, cruel and cold-hearted, I can tell you've only ever seen your reflection through frosted glass. Can't you see you're the monster?

Am I a thief? Claim I have stolen your love and I cannot disagree. She is better, was better, would be better off without you, anyways. You see pink roses, I see weeds, yellow dandelions, bright, curious. You hear a melodious voice, I hear an undeniable skill with words. Say her eyes are diamonds, jewels, I say they are firecrackers, flames, sparks of cleverness, full of wit and joy, a love of life. I see her.

Am I a problem? Yet I am your chance to prove yourself.

She waits for an equal, someone who understands. Never a master. You only come because you want a trophy. Not for her. Just to slay me without a second thought, watch me bleed on cold steel because that's what I do, what we've always done. Not that I'm surprised.

But if you really think about it, isn't a tower better than the infinite locks and chains that castle walls place on a maiden's mind? Wouldn't the princess be better off with me?